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1601/41.

P O E T I C A L
E S S A Y S.

BY A YOUNG GENTLEMAN
OF HERTFORD COLLEGE, OXFORD.

Οὐδὲν ποτ' ἔρωτα πεφύκει φάρμωκον ἄλλο.

——— ἔτ' ἔγχρισον (ἐμὶν δοκεῖ) ἔτ' ἐπιπάσον,

Ἥται Πιερίδες. Κῆφον δέ τι τῆτο καὶ αἰδὺ

Γινετ' ἐπ' ἀνθρώποις, εὐρῆν δ' ἔραδιόν ἐστι.

THEOCR. Idyll. II.

L O N D O N :

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LONDON; SMART, WORCESTER; AND S. HARWARD, GLOUCESTER.

MDCC LXXXIX.

P O E T I C A L

F I N I S H E D

BY A. YOUNG

OF HERTFORD



OLD world, where the
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L O N D O N

JOHN W. BARNES AND CO., LTD., 1, FLEET STREET, LONDON

LONDON: SMALL, WORCESTER; AND S. HAWARD, OGDON

M D C C L X X I X

TO THE
R E V E R E N D
BERNARD HODGSON, LL.D.
PRINCIPAL OF HERTFORD COLLEGE,
THE VICE-PRINCIPAL, THE FELLOWS,
AND ALL OTHER
MEMBERS OF THAT SOCIETY,

THE FOLLOWING PIECES

ARE RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY THEIR MOST HUMBLE

AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR:

THE AUTHOR

AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,

BY THEIR MOST HUMBLE

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THE VICE-PRINCIPAL, THE FELLOWS

PRINCIPAL OF COLLEGE



BERNARD HODGSON, LL.D.

TO THE

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author, conscious that nothing but intrinsic merit can stamp any value upon literary productions, does not intend by a laboured prefatory discourse to endeavour to prepossess the Readers in favour of his subsequent Performance, or to take up their time in making apologies for his appearance abroad; he thinks it sufficient to acquaint them, that the following pieces were only the amusements of his leisure hours, or taken up merely as a relaxation from severer studies—Nor indeed can he bring anything which he esteems worth offering (except the consideration of his youth) as a palliation for those many puerilities with which they will very probably abound. And although he has great reason to dread, yet he thinks it unnecessary to strive to soften, the frowns of Criticism:—he doubts not but with the candid they will meet with the reception they deserve, and he can hope no more; neither will he implore indulgence to a wish to please, unless its endeavours have been attended with an adequate success;

or,

or, like a criminal, desire to escape the present, only to be overtaken by a future, and perhaps more severe, justice. If he, in these early effusions, should be so happy as to meet with approbation, he has the ambition to hope, that with a more mature judgment he shall be able to produce them something more worthy of their perusal; but if such should not be his fate, he is resigned to sit down in eternal silence: and as he never before presumed to solicit the attention of the Public, so he can rest satisfied with this reflection, that if he be not blessed with powers to please the refined and judicious taste of the literary circle, at least he has not wearied their patience by repeated importunity, neither will he pick their pockets with future Impunity.



ODE

ODE TO WINTER,

ADDRESSED TO STELLA.

Vides, ut alta flet nive candidum

Soracte, nec jam sustineant onus.

Sylvæ laborantes, geluque

Flumina constiterint acuto.

Hor. Lib. I. Car. 9.

SEE! Stella, see his wither'd face!
Old Winter comes with solemn pace
And mounts his ebon throne..
See! how he shakes his visage hoar,
With snowy rev'rence mantled o'er,
And horrors round him thrown..

From

From regions of eternal frost,
 In snows and night for ever lost,
 From Zembla's dreary plain ;
 Lo! riding on the imbrous cloud,
 With pealing voice aquarious loud
 Proclaims his iron reign.

The youthful Spring, gay sprightly Maid,
 In eye-reluming robes array'd,
 Has long resign'd her pride ;
 No more soul melting as they stray
 The gales of life delightful play,
 To ev'ry breast deny'd.

The Graces fled the brumal pow'rs,
 No longer lead the balmy hours,
 Or listless languor chear ;
 And smiling o'er his blooming train
 No more glad Plenty decks the plain,
 Or crowns the laughing year.



No more soft sighing o'er the bloom
 The silk-plum'd Zephyr shakes perfume
 From off his honied wings ;
 Nor Poet's nor the Lover's fire,
 Responsive to the woodland choir,
 Awakes the trembling strings.

No more irregularly sweet
 The wildly varied wood notes meet
 To charm my list'ning fair ;
 All music's fled the vocal grove,
 No warbler pours the strains of love,
 Or breaks the frozen air—

Save where retir'd with ruffled plume,
 Beneath yon humble strawtopp'd dome,
 Or antiquated thorn ;
 The grateful Redbreast void of fear,
 Hops round his hospitable chear
 And pays his song forlorn.

Farewel to Flora's painted store,
Now Summer's full-blown pomp is o'er:

Ah! where's the ruddy year?

No more the hills and dales among,
The shepherd's pipe, or milkmaid's song
Steals o'er the raptur'd ear.

Farewel the daisy-spangled mead,
The flow'ry lawn, and verdant glade,
The mountain's flock-clad brow:

Mark! how the rude wind curls the flood,
And passing through yon nodding wood
There rocks the naked bough.

From 'mid the copse-entangled shade
The woodcock courts the wat'ry glade,

Where busy Naiads stray;
Who breaking yet their icy chains
Through yonder hoary snow-clad plains
Meand'ring mark their way.

At

[II]

At length impell'd by rains and winds
 Their task unfinish'd now the hinds
 To friendly cots retire ;
 There listen to the hollow sound
 Of savage tempests bellowing round,
 And blest their crackling fire.

The groaning blast from borean caves
 Burst forth, with vengeful fury raves,
 While echoing caverns roar ;
 In angry mood the billows rise,
 Now foaming lave the vaulted skies,
 Now lash the thund'ring shore.

Whilst through the dun and fullen sky
 The sable-bosom'd vapours fly
 In wreaths of horror roll'd :
 Sol shooting faint his oblique beams
 Scarcely thro' the sombrous streams
 The hues of light unfold.

Now while we lose the snow-rob'd hills,
 No more the mancipated rills
 In warbling lapses roll;
 Defarts of death in chaos rise,
 With wild confusion fright our eyes
 And freeze the gloomy soul.

'Midst these sad scenes what is't can cheer
 The heart o'erwhelm'd with brumal care
 Whilst joy—whilst music flies?
 Thou Stella, like the god of day,
 Canst give a soul-entiv'ning ray,
 And gild the darkest skies.

For 'twas not in the golden day,
 Or vernal pomp, the object lay
 That vivify'd my soul;
 Thy charms th'obsequious seasons own,
 Thy smile smooths Winter's rugged frown,
 When storms tremendous roll.

The Joys transported wait around,
 And Music breathes her softest sound,
 If Stella's presence cheer—
 Whilst beauty living in her bloom
 With sweets exhal'd from her perfume,
 Deride the vernal year.

To charm the soul and breathe delight,
 The year can't boast a gem more bright
 In all its circling ring :
 Amidst the pride of Nature's stores,
 When all the Pleasures quit their bow'rs
 Thou brav'st the pow'rs of Spring.

Though fancy's rainbow tints are dead,
 Though ev'ry friendly muse is fled,
 That 'woke the tuneful throng;
 Thy charms can still diffuse a ray
 More genial than the vernal day
 To swell the Poet's song.

The

Tho' Winter's rude, inclement sky
 Hath torn the smiles from Nature's eye,
 And shed its horrors here;
 Yet whilst I with thy smiles am blest,
 They spread a sunshine o'er my breast,
 A summer all the year!

THE FAREWELL.

TO STELLA.

——Nec me meminisse pigebit Elifæ,
Dum memor ipse mei, dum spiritus hos reget artus.

VIRG. ÆN. Lib. 4.

——He who can resign
Has never lov'd,——

MALLET.

FATE gives the word—I must obey;
With sad, reluctant step I go;
Tho' beauty other realms may boast,
'Tis thou alone canst bliss bestow.

Adieu, my lovely maid, I cry,
Dear object of my chief desire,
As oft, with heaving breast I turn,
And view thy native hills retire.

Thus,

Thus, like the hapless, sorrowing wretch,
 Condemn'd for some atrocious crime,
 By justice doom'd to leave his own,
 And seek some far, unfriendly clime ;

To drag with ceaseless, hopeless pain
 The chain of life on foreign lands,
 Perchance to freeze midst northern snows,
 Or scorch on Afric's burning sands ;

Tho' toil and grief, there both combin'd,
 At first the struggling thought controul,
 At length his friends, and country rise,
 And rush resistless o'er his soul.

So, whither borne on Fortune's tide,
 Whatever scenes I chance to see,
 My heart, sweet Stella, loveliest maid,
 With fond impatience turns to thee.

Whilst

Whilst fancy counts the tedious hours,
 As time creeps on with lagging wheels,
 This friendly cordial yet remains
 To soothe the pain thy lover feels.

Tho' ever ravish'd from my sight
 That dear, enchanting form of thine,
 Not Death himself can break the chain
 That links thy kindred soul to mine.

Ye guardian angels of the fair
 My ardent, fondest pray'r attend,
 And o'er the treasure of my heart
 On flutt'ring pinions soft descend.

O! shield her from the shafts of fate,
 Her bosom from each troubling care;
 There shed the choicest sweets of heav'n,
 And bless my love—my all that's dear.

D

ABSENCE,

[77]

ABSENCE,

A PASTORAL.

ADDRESSED TO STELLA.

Qualis populeâ mœrens Philomela sub umbrâ
Amisſos queritur foetus, quos durus Arator
Obſervans nido implumes detraxit: at illa
Flet noctem, ramoque ſedens miſerabile carmen
Integrat, et mœſtis latè loca queſtibus implet.

VIRG. GEORG. Lib. 4.

PART I.

FROM one who of late was ſo bleſt,
Ah! what means this heart-ſwelling ſigh?
Whence comes this ſtrange throb in my breaſt,
Why trickles the tear from mine eye?
When Spring laughing jocund and gay,
Bids Happineſs dance o'er the glade,
What is't that her ſmiles ſteals away,
And throws o'er her beauties a ſhade?

ABSENCE

D

Why

Why thus does the soul-melting smart

Rebel still, do all that I can ?

Love gently knocks at my heart,

And whispers—that I am a man.

Should any of yon rural train

My plaints down the vale chance to hear,

And ask what's the cause of my pain,

Ah ! tell them—no Stella is here.

My days of delight are no more,

Blest moments, ah ! where are ye flown ?

How soon your dear pleasures are o'er !

And must they again ne'er be known ?

The morn that so fair to the view

Had painted the orient bright,

From my gazes abruptly withdrew,

And buried its glories in night.

Free as yon bird on the spray,
 Which the woodland with harmony fills;
 As yon sprightly kid was I gay,
 That bounding flies over the hills.
 Whilst simplicity led my young hours,
 I thought that no nymphs or fond swains,
 Were brighter or blither than ours,
 Or pip'd on more pastoral plains.

Yon streams that meandring glide,
 And their margin incessantly lave,
 'Mid osiers that dance o'er the tide,
 And sport with the circling wave;
 Where the wintry storm on yon brow
 Hath long been defy'd by the thorn;
 Where the woodbine still flaunts o'er the bough,
 And scatters the pearls of the morn:

Where

Where once I so happily stray'd,
 And youth's thoughtless hours beguil'd;
 And oft on my reed artless play'd
 The visions of Fancy's gay child.
 How dear were these scenes to my soul,
 Whilst innocence gladden'd the day!
 No passion my peace did controul,
 No desire had yet learnt to stray.

Since I've met with the smiles of my dear,
 My flock unregarded wide strays;
 Not a note of my pipe do they hear.
 Whilst Damon unweetingly plays.
 The thistle now rivals the rose,
 Unpruned shoots up the wild vine,
 And 'mid the tall elm's leafy boughs
 Its tendrils wantonly twine.

P A R T

P A R T II.

WHAT sorrows oppress'd my fond heart,

When I sigh'd forth the hapless farewell ;

How reluctant I was to depart,

O Stella ! these valleys can tell.

Ah ! why did I foolishly roam

From those scenes of contentment and ease ?

Or again from my charmer fly home,

Which no longer has power to please ?

These landscapes whose beauties so gay

Enliven'd the long-gazing eye ;

The flowers which drank the gold ray,

Are lost, or else languishing die.

In vain the tide gurgles along,

Which murm'ring lulls as it flows ;

In vain the dove cooes her hoarse song,

Inviting the breast to repose.

Now

Now the charms of the morn's blushing ray
 Serve only fresh pains to disclose;
 And grief views the soft setting day
 Impurpling the bloom of the rose.
 Since of Absence I'm doom'd to complain,
 How oft am I heard to deplore—
 Ah! fled are the sweets of the plain,
 All pastoral charms are no more!

'Twas Stella that bright'ned the ville,
 Her presence gave joy to the swain;
 For she was the charms of the hill,
 And she was the sweets of the plain.
 The bloom that impregnates the air,
 The streamlet that warbling flows;
 The grotto, kind soother of care,
 The rock where the jessamine blows,

odW

And

And wood, that waves over the dale,
 Their beauties deriv'd from the maid;
 'Twas her voice that gave life to the gale,
 And charms to the song of the shade.
 Her voice was the music of love,
 With rapture it floated around;
 When the language of hope fill'd the grove,
 All heav'n then dwelt in the sound.

Her graces, her manner and air
 Reflect the soft rays of her mind;
 She's friendly, she's gentle, she's fair,
 (Tormenting reflection!)---was kind.
 As virtue she's modestly shy,
 Yet cloath'd in the vestment of ease;
 Whilst sympathy sheds from her eye
 A sweetness that ever must please.

Who

Who dwell on the charms of her mind,
 The source of true sentiment prove;
 Whilst wit the most bright and refin'd
 Attunes admiration to love.
 Blest maid! of such beauties possess'd,
 Without e'er a mixture of guile;
 Good-nature's enthron'd in her breast,
 And beams in each heart-winning smile.

PART II

MORE sweet to thy rustical friend
 Than the child of the new-smiling skies,
 When show'rs of roses descend
 And clouds of glad incense arise.
 What happiness shone in my breast
 When I tasted the sweets of her heart!
 Ah! little I dreamt, thus at rest,
 I so soon should be forc'd to depart.

E

What

What language then flow'd from her eyes!
 That shone like the fountain of day,
 When from earth's foodful altars arise
 Glad thanks to the genial ray.
 When Titan resigns his gay reign
 To the nymph of the bright silver Bow;
 Dull night throws her veil o'er the plain
 With the glistering emblems of woe.

Thus, soon as those suns were declin'd
 Whose beams had caus'd rapture to roll;
 Grief spread his broad shades o'er my mind
 And steep'd them in dews of the soul.
 Here lost to the world let me stray
 Since I've bid my dear Stella adieu;
 In solitude waste the long day,
 And dwell o'er past pleasures anew.

Whilst

Whilst Sorrow his pale cheek reclines
 O'er Absence's withering tomb,
 And round it Mnemosyne twines
 Affection's now sick'ning bloom.
 Here oft will I pour the young sigh
 That struggling swells in my breast,
 And bid the soft pearls of mine eye
 Disdain to be longer supprest.

When the blushes of light paint the dawn,
 And health rides the wings of the gale;
 While flocks wander over the lawn,
 And with labour reechoes the vale.
 When eve with sweet Modesty's hand
 Shall weave her soft mantle of grey,
 Whilst walks o'er Hybernia's strand
 The loitering rear of the day:

To gaze on yon sky-kissing hills
 I hither will constantly rove,
 And waken (whilst memory thrills)
 The languishing fires of love.
 Could I, like the glance of mine eye,
 Yon mountains immediately climb;
 Or like my fond thoughts could I fly,
 And at pleasure annihilate time:

How oft would I there wing my way,
 Where each bliss that is heav'nly meets!
 How often to Paradise † stray,
 And taste of its primæval sweets!
 How oft would I gaze on her face,
 And feast on her life-giving smile;
 And lost in the warmth of embrace
 The down-footed hours beguile.

† The Seat of — Shepherd, Esq. near Painſwick.

P A R T IV.

PERHAPS to th' accustomed tree

She walks the wide prospect to view;

Perhaps she there thinks upon me—

Ah, were my surmises but true!

Could my passion a hope e'er have felt

With a mutual flame to be crown'd,

'Twould soothe my poor bosom, and melt

The balsam of peace in the wound.

Ah! why comes the withering blast

From rude frowning Winter's cold coast,

The smiles of bright Nature to waste,

And ravish of Spring the gay boast!

The cankering tooth of the storm

Less blights the young hopes of the plain,

Than love without hope does deform

The youthful soft germ of the swain.

Tho'

Tho' hopeless I languish for thee,
 Methinks there's a sweet in the pain :
 Ah no !—I wish not to be free—
 Still, still let me bear the dear chain.
 Here the pensive-ey'd pow'r o'er my breast
 A feeling far finer now throws
 Than the joys of the stoical feast,
 Or transports wild mirth e'er bestows.

Th' affection for Stella I bear,
 Can only to heaven belong ;
 'Twas Nature that planted it here—
 Was Nature—was Nature e'er wrong ?
 'Twas at the sad tale of her woes
 I was taught these emotions to prove ;
 'Twas pity, 'twas sympathy rose
 And melted my bosom to love.

'Twas

'Twas not a mere glance of their eye,
 That tranfiently views and admires ;
 Whose flame when new objects they spy
 Without pain or reflection expires.
 Not beauty fuch pow'r could impart,
 Or charms that externally fhine ;
 'Twas a proof of thy worth won my heart,
 And made it eternally thine.

The deareft, fond wifh of my breast
 From aught that is selfish is pure ;
 Pants only to fee my fair bleft,
 And to render that blifs ftill fecure.
 Ye fpirits ! who drop the foft tear
 When virtue or truth e'er complain,
 With pity attend and declare---
 Should lovers like me love in vain ?

Y O U R

No

No, Heaven forbids it to be,
 For Heaven a friend is to love;
 Th' horizon now brightning I see,
 And Hope stooping down from above.
 O! tell me, thou soul-soothing power!
 Shall Stella my peace yet restore?
 Shall I visit her flocks and her bower?
 Say---shall I be happy once more?

The dearest, fond with of my breast
 From aught that is selfish is pure;
 I am only to see my fair bliss,
 And to render that bliss still secure.
 Ye spirits! who drop the soft tear
 When virtue or truth e'er complain,
 With pity attend and declare---
 Should lovers like me love in vain?

ELEGY

E L E G Y *

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

Ὁρᾷτέ
 Τὰν νεάταν ὁδὸν
 Στείχουσιν, νεάτον δὲ φέγγος
 Λεύσσαν αἰλίε
 Κῆποι' αὖθις ἄλλα μ' ὁ παγκοίτας
 Αἶδας ζῶσαν ἄγει
 Τὰν Ἀχέροντος
 Ἀκτὰν· ἔθ' ὕμναίων
 Ἐγκληρον, ἔτ' ἐπινομφίδιος
 Πω μέ τις ὕμνος ὕμνησεν,
 Ἀλλ' Ἀχέροντι νυμφεύσω.

SOPHOC. Ant. AÆ. III.

Now on her last sad journey you behold
 The poor Antigone ; for never more
 Shall she return, or view the light of day :
 The hand of Death conducts her to the shore
 Of dreary Acheron ; no nuptial song
 Reserv'd for her, the wretched bride alone
 Of Pluto now, and wedded to the tomb.

SHALL that bright sun which chear'd life's orient sky,
 And shone the blooming hope of future days,
 Set unlamented ere its zenith nigh,
 And quench in time's cold wave its living rays?

* The young Lady, whose much lamented death was the occasion of the present Elegy, died, after a short illness, on the 22nd of May 1789, in the 20th year of her age—The Author, who once thought himself

F

happy

Must, must Eliza, soft, engaging maid,
 In youth's, in beauty's bloom resign her breath;
 And will no hand bestow its friendly aid
 To snatch her virtues from the shades of death?

In pensive silence shall the Muse remain,
 Nor Pity's lute bestow the plaintive song?
 Eliza's fate demands th' elegiac strain
 In softer notes than dropt from Shenstone's tongue.

Ye plaintive sisters of the mournful choir,
 Unlock the streams where mingled passions flow;
 Bid pensive Genius light his slumbring fire,
 And pour with manly swell the tide of woe.

happy in her intimate acquaintance, only gives to well known worth, the due but unavailing tribute of posthumous applause; and to friendship, delicate as dear, the involuntary and genuine effusions of the heart—The many amiable qualities for which she was eminently distinguished, will long endear her to the memory of those who knew her—who for their loss need no mechanic aid to draw the sorrowing tear, no powers of fancy to heave the sympathetic sigh; nor will they while her surviving virtues still continue to diffuse a cloud of holy fragrance round her tomb.—But here it is enough (and it is but justice) to say—that whilst living “it was her's to please, to instruct, and to improve—but now 'tis ours to mourn, to pity, to complain.”

Let

Let lonely Grief herself the lay inspire,
And sobbing Sorrow thro' each accent roll
The solemn warblings of her deep-ton'd lyre,
And wake the softest feelings of the soul.

Tho' no proud pile, or 'animated bust,'
Demand with semblant woe the heaving sigh;
Proclaim the greatness of its owner's dust,
And tell without a blush the obvious lie;

Yet shall the lay (by truth, by justice paid)
Embalm the mem'ry of the precious dead;
Yet soothe her spirit in th' Elysian shade,
The sacred tear by chaste affection shed.

Those living tears a brighter annal boast,
That o'er her sod unseen, unbidden flow,
Than all the fame which sculptur'd pride may cost,
Than all th' external gravity of woe.

For her the sorrowing swains shall constant bring
 The freshest garlands from the Muses' grove;
 For her shall sweep the mournful-sounding string,
 And mix with Pity's throes the plaints of Love.

To dress with pious hands Eliza's bier
 The virgin train shall meet with dewy eyes;
 Crop the bright honours of the youthful year,
 And bid their fragrance greet her in the skies.

There still shall mem'ry's sweetest incense burn,
 And bid her gentle shade for ever rest;
 Thus sad Regret sigh o'er her timeless urn,
 (Whilst fond Affection strikes her pensive breast :)

' Ah! what avail'd the pow'rs that worth bestow,
 ' Youth's early boast, the charms that nature gave;
 ' Could wit, nor beauty soothe the ruthless foe,
 ' Nor virtue shield her from the yawning grave?

' Those

' Those gems, the brighter glories of her mind,
 ' 'Midst ev'ry grace which Virtue calls her own,
 ' Shone like the star of Ev'n softly kind,
 ' With modest radiance from their native throne.

' Simplicity, th' ingenuous foe of art,
 ' And dove-like innocence, unknown to fear,
 ' Had fix'd their spotless dwelling in her heart,
 ' And meek-ey'd Charity herself was there.

' More mild was she than Zephyr's breathing wing,
 ' Blithe as yon warbler on the vocal spray;
 ' Tender as blossoms in the youthful spring,
 ' And sweet as nature in the laughing May;

' Fair as the child of morn on vernal pride,
 ' 'Till wing'd with death the baneful blasts arise
 ' And shake the bud; thus like the gem, she fell—
 ' she died—

' And gain'd, untimely gain'd, her kindred skies.

Yes,

' Yes, the sweet lily scarcely liv'd to bloom :
 ' The op'ning blossom expectation chears,
 ' Then, with'ring, hasten's to oblivion's tomb,
 ' Fled like the hours that led her tender years.

' Ah ! where's the melting softness of that eye
 ' Which charm'd so oft th' admiring world before ?
 ' Involv'd in dust its beams extinguish'd lie,
 ' Nor shall their radiance ever warm us more.

' Yes, she was good, and beautiful as good,
 ' But yet in death she joins the common throng ;
 ' As tho' no virtues had her breast endu'd,
 ' As tho' she drew not praise from envy's tongue.

' If time-worn trav'lers, (long by tempest tofs'd,
 ' In search of promis'd happiness below,
 ' Who see fresh hopes at every step are lost,
 ' And find no knowledge unchastis'd by woe)

' When

‘ When the soul faintly trims her parting fire,
 ‘ Recoil with trembling, at the serious view;
 ‘ If they look back, unwilling to retire,
 ‘ And long to act life’s former scenes anew;

‘ How must the hope-flush’d ent’rer—Spirit, say—
 ‘ When ev’ry pleasing prospect’s round him thrown,
 ‘ With fond, deploring look forsake the day,
 ‘ And shrink with horror at the world unknown!”

Now Hope serenely ’lum’d her glimm’ring light,
 Whilst Faith, immortal Faith, with steady eye,
 Stands on her rock in robes of living light,
 And points the mourner to a brighter sky.

Thus speaks Religion, dearest friend of man;—

‘ Death never shoots in sport, or strikes by chance;
 ‘ Heav’n guides his shaft obedient to its plan,
 ‘ In nobler joys the virtuous few t’ advance.

‘ Life

' Life is not measur'd by the flux of time,
 ' But by th' improvement of the portion giv'n;
 ' The shortest to true happiness may climb,
 ' The longest can no more than reach to heav'n.

' Perhaps with Pity's hand the gracious pow'r
 ' Hath kindly led her to that calm retreat,
 ' To save his fav'rite in the timely hour
 ' From storms collecting in the womb of Fate.

' From num'rous ills that swell life's threat'ning show'r,
 ' Whose falling torrent with impetuous haste
 ' Had crush'd with too much weight the tender flow'r,
 ' And laid the blooming field a rueful waste.

' Hope, chearful author of the soul's repose,
 ' Wak'd from her flatt'ring dream with anxious pain,
 ' Had seen the pile by youthful fancy rose
 ' Fall'n a sad ruin o'er the level plain.

' Sad

' Sad disappointment might have broke her mind,
 ' Perhaps to Care's corroding hand a prey;
 ' Pale Fear, with sable melancholy join'd,
 ' Dry'd up the fountain whence the vitals play.

' With vain desire have burnt her throbbing heart,
 ' Or mock'd with hope or tortur'd with despair,
 ' Implor'd kind solace to becalm the smart
 ' And watch'd her speed her flight or would not hear.

' 'Mid the sad train that varied life infest,
 ' Deceitful love have prov'd his promise vain;
 ' Perhaps false friendship in her artless breast
 ' Have shot with nervous arm his keenest pain.

' Perhaps e'en fortune might have prov'd unkind,
 ' And freezing penury's obtrusive cry
 ' Have touch'd the softer fibres of her mind,
 ' And hung the pendant sorrows in her eye.

' She might have seen the angel seal the doom
 ' That robs the soul of all it holds most dear ;
 ' Trac'd her last comfort to the greedy tomb,
 ' Whilst fell affliction drunk her only tear.

' Now gone to regions free from nature's strife,
 ' Whose Halcyon shores no grief, no sorrows know ;
 ' Where no rude tempests wreck the peace of life,
 ' Or plunge poor mortals in the floods of woe.

' Where dazzling glories glut her ravish'd eyes,
 ' And joys perennial clip time's downy wing ;
 ' Where suns unsetting gild the cloudless skies,
 ' And blooming pleasures make eternal spring.

' Where gladly thro' vast immensity to rove,
 ' Her soul now loosen'd from the mortal clod,
 ' Dissolv'd in visions of unfading love,
 ' Tastes, freely tastes the plenitude of God."

But hark ! the knell loud vibrates o'er the plain,
And fills its hollow pause with icy fear,
Whilst reason's voice, with melancholy pain,
Thus flings its accents o'er the mental ear :

' Thou too ere long must yield thy fleeting breath,
' No more those eyes must chase the flying gloom,
' But close for ever in the shades of death,
' The senseless tenant of the silent tomb.

' Where no gilt sun, to rouse the slumb'ring morn,
' Unseals with rosy hand the lids of day ;
' No Cynthias rise to fill their bended horn,
' Nor twinkling gems to shed the silver ray.

' No more that hand shall string the solemn lyre,
' Or light-wing'd fancy thy gay hours employ ;
' No more thy bosom glow with heav'nly fire,
' Or virtuous friendship's sweets divine enjoy.

' Youth, like the blooming tree, (unnotic'd flies,)
 ' That drinks fresh vigour from the riv'let's side,
 ' Whose thriving branches soon invade the skies,
 ' And throw broad shadows o'er the passing tide,

' But whilst it helps the verdant pride to shoot,
 ' And swells his massy arms with liquid food,
 ' The time-like wave unmarks his loosen'd root,
 ' And throws his fading honours in the flood.'

Why then of cruel fate do we complain,
 Or curse coy Fortune for her scanty boon;
 Why mourn at lowring Nature's joyless reign,
 And wish for Edens—to resign so soon?

Enough of this does bounteous Heav'n bestow
 To make us thankful for the gift of life;
 Enough its wisdom gives of friendly woe
 To lift our views beyond these scenes of strife.

YOUTH

Let

Let us, whom youth, whom health with joy inspires,
Learn this great lesson from Eliza's fate---
To finish life before that life expires,
Nor wait for seasons that may prove too late.

THE END.

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